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"LALOU."

LI FELIKE? I can pay no higher tribute to Frolich's bronze bust than to say that it vibrates with life, pulsates with vitality. I can imagine the *patina* on the cheek is some "fard" fresh from my lady's toilet table; I deem the hair would be warm to my hand should I venture to lift its folds; I blow a kiss from my finger-tips when no one is watching, as I pass!



Only two other busts have ever moved me with similar force—though with different direction; the "Wax Head" of the Lille Museum, and the "Sappho" from Herculaneum, now at Naples. Each, like this, is a child of its century; and they are diverse each from each.

The "Sappho" has the grand air that we call classic; the majestic quality that accompanies figures of conception and of treatment, and that the Greeks gave to the images of their goddesses. But this is a goddess tempered with a passion that suffuses her extra-terrestrial being, and makes it seem nearer to our every-day humanity.

The mediæval head is perennially sweet and charming and good—a potential Madonna, who escaped the knife in the heart that Madonna-hood would have brought. So her smile of anticipation, pure and passionless, lingers—and long may it endure—down the years!

Whoever may have been her prototype in the flesh, "Lalou" is not goddess, and not saint, but intensely human and individual; such as one might imagine would be the incarnation of his dream of perfect womanhood; the Eve in his earthly paradise; a complement to himself, quivering with sympathy, instinct with femininity.

Not even the cunning of the limner's hand can convey the charm of the bronze as I saw it the other day with more of the exhibits destined for Paris, at the foundry where it has been cast; that is elusive and subtle; and I cannot help out; I can only say, the eyes haunt me—the hair invites, the lips call me—!

I blow a kiss from my finger-tips, when no one is watching, as I pass!

CHARLES WILLIAM CANFIELD.

Mr. J. H. Jordan has introduced in this country a revived art. At the end of the last century there was quite a fad for colored engravings, in which the skill of the graver and delicate technique of coloring had to be combined with painstaking presswork. For a hundred years this art has been neglected, until recently Mr. S. Arlent Edwards brought out some reproductions of English masters. The works which I examined are Van Dyck's "Elizabeth and Philadelphia Wharton," and his "Sons of the Duke of Richmond"; "Rembrandt's Mother;" Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Portrait of Fanny Kemble;" and "The Fortune-Teller," by William Peters (R.A.). These are exquisite in softness of finish, and must be a delight to collectors of prints.



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THE JAS. M. PRENDERGAST COLLECTION, BOSTON.

SPONTANEOUS praise must be accorded to a judiciously chosen collection, where the lesser important numbers serve but as a foil to those that appeal to the best critical acumen. Where human judgment is fallible it need not be wondered at that here and there in this collection a picture is found not up to the standard of the best. None, however, by slovenliness of execution or appalling meretriciousness renders nugatory the good taste shown in procuring examples which by light, shade, color, composition, massive formation of line, delicate tracing of form, furnish embellishment to the home and pleasure to the owner.

The list of artists and titles follows. Walking by the walls which these paintings adorn, I would stop to note such as more strongly appeal to me.

Hanging in the best light, and deservedly so, is a landscape by Corot, breathing the tender thoughts which the gentle master ever suggests. Here is that little touch of the red handkerchief wound about the figure's head—Corot's only mannerism, which we can readily forgive; it adds that slight touch of color to the silvery gray-greens so wonderfully enriching. As pendant hangs a Cazin, happily enlivened with a figure in the foreground, and, between, a L'Hermitte, "Noonday Rest," superbly grand. Fill, then, the vacant space with a small de Neuville, "Asking the Way," in the best manner of this military painter; and we have a wall before which one can sit and dream and rest. By the way, the arranging of the pictures in this collection, and their artistic combination, adds no wee bit to their enjoyment.

On the wall opposite is found again a trio of superior excellence, balanced by a Boughton with picturesque Brittany costumes. The three pictures I refer to are a Jules Dupré, light in tone; an unusually fine Jules Bréton, a shepherdess, a vigorous daughter of the soil, perfect as ever in drawing, excellent technique, and, as it is an early picture, richly toned; and then, what I consider the gem of the collection, an Anton Mauve, "Spring Plowing." It is one of those simple agricultural scenes in Holland, on a cloudy day towards evening, when the atmosphere is neither veiled nor vapor-laden. A felicitous example it is of the forthright craft of this master, that produces the sentiment of the hour to the full. These dull, leaden skies, that oft yet tintle with the evening glow; these wide stretches of damp, heavy soil—a bare landscape, yet clothed with breadth and delicate gradations of light, emphasizing elements that best deserve emphasizing, and so preserving the expansiveness of Nature when the sun is hidden and the sky is cold. Mauve's work is so solid and sound, so distant from showiness, triviality, and conventionalism, so honest and outright and downright in its faithfulness to the single impression which the artist has chosen for reproduction, and withal so sensitive to the larger life of insensate things that make even a little landscape of his so exceedingly striking and fascinating.

And all this may be said of this "Spring Plowing." Let us look further. Here is that C. Troyon, "Fox Caught in a Trap," from the second Seney sale, a splendid example of texture and drawing. A landscape by Michel is lighter and more quiet than usual, not in the style of which there are so many forgeries. There hangs a Jacques, the feathery flock disporting itself in the yard. A Bertin, unusual name, but belonging to a good man, has a Decamps warmth on the white house-fronts. Vibert's red cardinal is hardly of interest when we look further to a less known man, Harlamoff, whose "Village Beauty" possesses that soft, wavy hair that has lustre and sheen. Of the same class is Francisco Domingo's "Comedian," "Aranda's 'The Last Drop,'" Portielje's "The Ruined Lunch," and Meissonier's "The Smoker"—they are good of their kind, precise and finished, but they don't wear well. Still they add variety. Piot's "Ave Maria" must be considered better than his average work. There is a fascinating Demont, with stretch of distance over the mountain lake and the tops gleaming in the moonlight. Not altogether out of place, because of its tonal quality, is an example by Claude Monet. Two wood-interiors by Magnus recall the artist's teacher, Diaz, without suggesting Vernon's imitations. Leader shows that he could paint well, though he is better known as the etcher of Britain's rivers. A small W. M. Chase